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LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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EDITORS FROM THE CLASS OF '82.

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CHARLES DENRY, JR., IND., (RESIGNED.)

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COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY.

PRINCETON, N. J.

1882.



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CHARLES DENBY, JR., IND., *Treasurer.*

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Vol. XXXVII.

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No. 1.

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## HAMLET, THE DOUBTER.

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Nature brooks no boundaries. How then, by a fixed law, unfold the motives of the soul? So mysterious are their workings, that they baffle all inquiry. We see the results, and they make up a distinct outline; but when we try to examine their causes, they are so confused and intermingled, that the longer our search, the greater our perplexity. This is the fascination in Hamlet which has so long attracted the notice of the inquisitive world. His is a nature at once ideal and unfathomable. It shows so many different sides, and such sudden and extreme changes, that it seems to portray every shade of human character. Thus men are amazed on discovering the most opposite views harmoniously blended in this strange being, and think Hamlet inconsistent with himself.

The question of Hamlet's insanity is not our subject, and we

A

will not discuss it. That his madness is feigned is the impression one first receives, and perhaps the most satisfactory one. His sharp, deep-meaning replies to his spies, his rational conduct when out of their sight, the request to his mother to spread the belief in his lunacy, the need of this simulation for his own safety, and, above all, his utter failure to convince the king of his derangement, the only one—since he alone knew of the deadly crime—really qualified to judge his actions, seem to strengthen this conviction. That his mind was terribly agitated from the trying position in which he was placed, is evident; but “there are no symptoms of its being torn from its proper holdings, or paralyzed in its power of steady thought and coherent reasoning.” It is nevertheless a most perplexing question, and perhaps Coleridge’s remark, “he plays that subtle trick of pretending to act, only when he is very near really being what he acts,” is as much as we can conclude.

The character of Hamlet is a grand conception. It contains nearly everything we would admire. A conscience, almost too sensitive; a moral nature as pure as ever blesses man; a mind whose equal for breadth and acuteness could not have been found in all Denmark:

“The courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s, eye, tongue, sword,  
Th’ expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers \* \* \* ”

Fearless, dignified and noble, he is the ideal of manhood. And yet this hero, naturally so perfect in every respect, so fitted to advance his own and others’ happiness, ruins himself and his friends, apparently by his want of decision. Why this striking hesitation on Hamlet’s part to avenge his father’s murder? He seems wrapped in an atmosphere of uncertainty. “Doubt” is the one word written in plain, unmistakable letters over his career. It hampered his actions; it embittered his life; it caused his misfortunes and his early death. It seems to start out from every object about him. The king first arouses his

suspicious. His mother's hasty marriage then forces him to question her integrity. He can no longer trust his former friends, who are entirely under court influence. Ophelia, even, is made a tool for sounding his purposes, and with pain he finds that he dare not confide in her whom most he loves. So strange is the revelation and injunction of the Ghost, that he requires further proof to satisfy his mind; and when that is obtained, he is in still greater doubt as to what he shall do. His noble nature revolts from an assassin's work, but filial love and a sacred command urge him forward. Because he hesitates, he doubts his own courage, his sense of wrong, himself,

" \* \* \* \* for it cannot be  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter."

Many critics of Hamlet have first mapped out to their own entire satisfaction the course he ought to have pursued, and assuming that he was as conscious as they of what was the right, have wondered much at his reluctance to follow it. They have endeavored, in various ways, to account for such procrastination. But was it possible for Hamlet to do what they so clearly see was the only thing to be done? What were the circumstances? His worst suspicions, confirmed by the Ghost and the poisoning play, have roused the fiercest passions. Blasted hopes, a sullied name, and the solemn vows to the troubled spirit, all spur him on to hasty vengeance. Justice and religion seem to demand it. He alone can be the instrument of wrath—for no one else knows of the crime—and honor allows no other. But he halts. How can he justify himself before the world? How prove the king's guilt to others? The Danes, unlike modern critics and modern audiences, did not even suspect it. Can the Ghost bear witness, or can a confession be forced from the murderer? If not, will not his story seem false, a mad, unhealthy dream, bringing him danger, not justice? If he kill the king, on the other hand, he will appear guilty of the very thing he is seeking to punish. His motive will seem to be ambition, not revenge. The king

will be a martyr, he a felon. He will destroy the sole proof of his uncle's guilt and his own wrongs, and bring himself endless disgrace. His moral nature refuses to sanction secret assassination. Consideration for his mother, whose exposure must follow the deed, tempts him to defer it. He recalls his father's solemn words,

"But howsoever thou pursuest this act  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught: leave her to Heaven."

Conscience points down two opposite paths. He shrinks from that which resembles murder, rather than justice; then in turn imagines that indifference or cowardice is the secret of his delay, and reproaches himself for not doing what for him was an impossibility. Thus he fluctuates between one course and another, unable to decide, and miserable because he cannot choose. Hudson has beautifully and clearly expressed it: "In his conflict of duties, Hamlet naturally thinks he is taking the wrong one; the calls of the claims he meets, being hushed by satisfaction, while those of the other are increased by disappointment. The current that we go with is naturally unnoticed by us; but that which we go against compels our notice by the struggle it puts us to." In short, hesitation was not a part of his nature, nor an acquired habit, but the inevitable outgrowth of the trying circumstances in which a high-souled, conscientious being was placed.

Coleridge, indeed, attributes his indecision to excessive meditation; to the habit of philosophizing on every event, which renders him indolent and destroys his will. But not to speak of his wrongs—enough, apparently, to exclude all tame or sluggish feelings from a proud and sensitive prince—his decisive action in other instances would seem to disprove such lethargy. The promptness with which he seized the opportunity of trapping the ambassadors in the snare they had prepared for him, and the final act of slaying the king, show no hesitation. These, we are told, were done impulsively, with no time for reflection. But what could be more deliberate than forging the letters which

signed the death-warrant of the "sponges," carefully ordering, lest by some delay his stratagem should be discovered, that

"Without debatement further, more or less,  
He should the bearers put to sudden death  
Not shrieving time allowed."

His utter indifference afterwards to their miserable doom shows no regret or shadow of remorse, which might be expected to follow such terrible results of a momentary impulse. The explanation is rather that here there was no room to question his duty. Justice and self-preservation plainly marked out his conduct, and conscientious scruples had no place. The same reason probably holds in the case of the king's death. Guilt was now exposed and proven, and his path was plain. What had before caused him to hesitate no longer existed, and when free to act, he does it on the spot.

What a determined resolution, what an iron will, is at last seen in this man! Everything is thrown aside, and all his energies are bent to accomplish this one object. He sternly crushes out his love for Ophelia, sacrificing both their lives in obedience to the sacred call, and withering the sweet flower that looked to him for its sunshine. His subsequent indifference to her sad fate, and his contemptuous treatment of the death of Polonius, show the terrible reality of his purpose, considering nothing worthy of notice beside this all-engrossing aim. By lack of nerve, or by any mental weakness, Hamlet does not appear to be influenced. His conduct is that of one fully resolved, but with his hands tied behind his back; racked with doubt, on each opportunity, as to whether his time has arrived, but forced to let it slip, through indecision which he cannot help; and finally, in despair, leaving the whole matter to chance.

Such, in brief, is what appears to be the best, but by no means a full, explanation of Hamlet's delay. Doubt is the foundation and frame-work of his misfortune; and so well is it interwoven in the whole structure, that every criticism of the man is tinged

by it. There is much here that cannot be thoroughly explained; and the critic must ever lay down the subject, as he took it up—"an unsolved mystery."

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### THE BEDFORD GAOL.

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Bunyan's external history has chiefly to do with his position as a Non-Conformist. His imprisonment was the historic episode of his life. Owing to the extraordinary success of his "preaching enterprise," he was the most prominent Dissenter in his neighborhood, and therefore the first Non-Conformist marked for arrest. Under the circumstances it would have been vain as well as cowardly for him to have attempted flight. He could not and would not flinch, though threatened with transportation or death. Froude misrepresents him when he says that "he was stubbornly trying his strength against the Crown and Parliament." He was anything but a stubborn rebel. He was rather a representative sufferer, enduring imprisonment for the cause of religious freedom. He could heartily cry "God save the king" in the midst of his most cruel persecutions. "Paul," says he, "did own the powers that were in his day to be of God, and yet he was often in prison under them for all that. And also, though Christ told Pilate that he had no power against him but of God, yet he died under the same Pilate; and yet I hope you will not say that either Paul or Christ was such as did deny magistracy. \* \* The law hath provided two ways of obeying: the one, to do that which I, in my own conscience, do believe that I am bound to do *actively*, and when I cannot obey actively, then I am willing to lie down and suffer what they shall do unto me." Such expressions of loyalty should put to shame those who try to justify his imprisonment by political reasons.

To underrate the severity of his sufferings we also think is



disingenuous. "Of all the Dissenters whose history we know," says Macaulay, "Bunyan was most hardly treated." And is it reasonable to suppose that an establishment which could furnish work for Laud, Jeffrey and Graham of Claverhouse, would make the imprisonment of a "representative Dissenter" merely nominal? Does not Macaulay's account seem more liberal—truer? "Year after year," says he, "he lay patiently in a dungeon, compared with which the worst prison now found on the island is a palace." It was the dark and damp condition of this very Bedford jail which first set Howard's philanthropic spirit in exercise for the improvement of the prisons of Europe.

The picture will be still darker when we look at its subjective side. Bunyan was a man of extraordinarily strong domestic affections. "The parting with my wife and children," says he, "hath often been to me, in this place, as the pulling of flesh from my bones." He was kept in continual dread of death for years. To note again his own vivid words: "Oft I was as if on a ladder, with a rope about my neck. Only this was some encouragement to me, I thought I might now have an opportunity to speak my last words unto a multitude which I thought would come to see me die." Ah, here he discloses his greatest trial. If ever man could say "woe to me if I preach not the gospel," it was John Bunyan. This conviction brought him to prison, kept him there, and would have made the gentlest bondage unbearable to him. Probably "the excitement of perpetual speech-making is fatal to the exercise of the higher qualities, and his periods of calm while confined in Bedford jail may have enabled him to discover in himself powers of which he might otherwise never have known," but we do not see that Mr. Froude has put Anglican intolerance in a whit more favorable light, if this statement is true. The wickedness of *Vanity Fair* is not whitened, in that it sent Faithful to Heaven by a chariot of fire, instead of permitting him to plod his way thither as a commonplace pilgrim. Bacon has said that "virtue is like precious odors—most fragrant when either burned or crushed," but only a heathen justifies the use of the stake or ear of Juggernaut to de

the violence. We know no more striking illustration of the evils arising from the English system of Church establishment than the imprisonment of Bunyan. A most loyal citizen, an eloquent speaker and a sober Christian is kept in durance twelve years because he would not use the prayer-book or quit exhorting his neighbors to "leave off their sins and flee from the wrath to come." There is something radically wrong in a system which puts the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," or of the "Saint's Rest," in the same category with Fifth Monarchy Men and Ranters.

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"GEORGE ELIOT."

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Call her not so. That name will claim, indeed,  
 The world's large praise whene'er is called the roll  
 Of mighty dead, whose words of massive mould  
 Have stirred the farther depths of human thought.  
 And yet her mother would not call her that.  
 Then give her still her own sweet maiden name,  
 Which sounds as music to the ears of those  
 Who learned to love her in the days long gone;  
 That far-forgotten name, whose gentle grace  
 Of fair, chaste syllables in liquid flow  
 Beseemed so well her lovely maiden life.

The mountain peaks which pierce the higher skies  
 Are clothed in clouds of fitful mists and snows;  
 Or el-e, o'er bleak and winter-smitten crags  
 The far, dim sky is piled a dome of lead.  
 Below the climbing steeps are trees and flowers,  
 Glad fountains murmuring in grassy dells,  
 And fair flocks grazing, and the song of birds,  
 And gleeful children sporting 'neath the shade.  
 Nay, call her Marian, friends, for that sweet name  
 Tells of the blooming dell and childhood's joy;  
 The other, of the dark and mist and storm;  
 Of massive strength, but yet of chilling gloom.

## ORATORY IN OUTLINE.

Jack was writing a speech. I saw that as soon as I entered the room. Papers and manuscripts lay about in wild confusion, his green eye-shade wore a drooping and dejected look, and the eyes beneath were sad and despairing. But one solitary warlock stood up in fierce defiance on the back of his head. The midnight oil was burning low.

"Hullo, Jack!" I said, cheerily; "what are you doing—writing?"

"Yes; digging away," he answered, turning wearily around as I took a seat,—“digging away at that confounded old oration, and I haven't got through yet!"

"Why, here's some written; and here's some more; plenty," I said, picking up some loose papers and turning them over. "They look funny, though," I added; "what do all those dashes mean?"

"Well, you see, I haven't been able to think up any subject, so I thought I'd try and write the speech first, and fill in the subject afterward. But it don't seem to help me any."

"Do what?"

"Write the speech, and fix the subject afterward. I left places to fill in that way. But it's no use."

"What a strange idea!" I said. "Can I look these pages over?"

"Yes; you can have 'em all if you want to. They won't do. Wish I dared hand one in this way, without the subject!"

I looked over the papers. A curious set of beginnings poor Jack had made and thrown aside—and all without subjects. The first I saw was this:

*Amid the changing dynasties and civilizations of the Old World and the political vicissitudes of the New, one sentiment has ever retained its ascendancy over the human mind. It is the sentiment of ———. It was this sentiment that struggled for recognition in the*

*turbulent ——— of the ——— ———. It was this spirit that rose and led men in the fierce ——— of ———s. It was this spirit which shed the one cheering ray of light during the dark years of the ———, and which triumphed at length in the glorious ——— ———. At a time when all ——— were crumbling to de——*

“Why, that’s first-rate, Jack!” I said. “Ends rather abruptly, but it’s all good.”

“Too abstract,” he responded; “you can’t get up enough enthusiasm in that kind of topic. Besides, I can’t track an abstract subject any further than that without knowing what the subject is.”

“Well, it *does* seem rather incomplete now, that’s a fact; shadow without the substance, eh? What’s this next one?”

The next one proved to be in the denunciatory style:

*No evil of the present day has fastened its poisonous fangs more deeply into the very vitals of society, than that of ———. Its baleful effect is everywhere seen; its ghastly light illumines city and country, palace and cottage, office and senate-chamber, the fields of the East and the prairies of the West. It becomes us to look into the means and motive of these insidious attacks, to see what can be done to prevent this enormous ———*

“What’s the matter with that?” I inquired.

“It’s good enough, but I found I couldn’t get a good subject for it. I tried Rum, Poverty, Tramps, Mosquitoes, Skepticism, Trichinæ, and all sorts of things, but they wouldn’t gee. I had the remedies right at hand, you know: Press, Pulpit and People. But the Press can’t scare insects; and tramps never go to church; and the People are themselves too fond of pork to crush out *that* evil. No use; nothing will fit.”

Jack’s arguments seemed irrefutable, and I tried his next effusion. This time it was biographical:

*The one to whom his country owes most during the dark periods of ———, is undoubtedly ———. He was, in one sense,*

*the hero of his age. Great times produce great men, but great men in turn react upon and mould the character of the times. — lived in an age when every — seemed —, when all the — of — were —. Nurtured amid such sentiments, his career was as eventful as it was brilliant. With a — education and — early advantages, he showed even in youth those qualities which were to distinguish him as a soldier, a statesman, a philosopher, a scientist, and a —. At the age of — he went to —; and there it was that he imbibed those principles and developed that lofty enthusiasm which afterward marked his course. In — he fell in with —, and was induced to devote himself to —. Here he found a fit field for his energy; now the mission of his life was plain before him.*

"I didn't want to have to hunt up any more facts than that," commented Jack, who was looking on with me; "so you see the rest is all generalities. Next comes the Black Maria."

"Black Maria?"

"Why, the Black Maria is the name of the city wagon that takes the prisoners to the Court-House and back. I only meant that all these old heroes used to get arrested, you know, and tried; so I felt safe in working up a trial scene. It's all still in the biographical line:"

*Surely a character so — and —, an influence so —, deserved a fitting reward. But Fate decided otherwise. The machinations of — and the — turned the tide of — favor against him. He was seized and brought to trial. Amid the breathless stillness of a — day, the vast throng listened to the dread sentence, "—!" Remonstrance, entreaty, would have been in vain; our hero would not have descended to them. The sentence was carried into effect; the bigotry of the age triumphed; and the world took a step backward when the country of — doomed to — one of its noblest sons and greatest heroes.*

"That will fit pretty well," observed its writer, "whether the

man was killed or exiled or got bowstrung or had a term of years or disorder marks. Next is his character: ”

*The character of this remarkable man was a rare combination of the ————est and most ———— qualities. With a nature singularly ———— and ————, he acquired by experience a degree of ———— which both stimulated and restrained it. His marked ———— is seen throughout, and is one distinguishing trait of all his deeds. Much of his ———— was due to ———— ————; and despite the detractions of ———— and others of his enemies, it cannot be denied that his capacity for ———— was wonderful in the extreme.*

“Guarded and non-committal, ain’t it?”

“Very.”

“I like the biography style better than the others, so I worked it up more. That next paper is part of his Influence on the Age: ”

*The influence of ———— ———— upon the age in which he lived was as great as it was ————. Who has ever set before himself a higher ideal than the one this man so constantly maintained? Who has done more to form the ———— of all ————? He changed entirely the character of the times. To Freedom he gave a new lease of life; Learning plumed her wings anew! Literature, Art and Science received fresh impulses in this age of ———— ————; and Statesmanship and Commerce never before realized their own worth and importance. May he be ————!*

“I didn’t mean anything profane by the last sentence,” remarked Jack, “though it rather looks that way now. Here’s the climax; I left plenty of margin to fill in, in that: ”

*Such is a brief outline of the career of ———— ————. Brighter will his fame appear when the calumnies of foes and partisans have been sublimated as mists before the rising sun. (“‘Sublimated’ is good,” I said.) Away with false ———— which only serve to ———— the ————! Down with the slanderous ———— of ———— and the infamous ————! Let ———— prevail! ———— and*

—— reign! and a just meed of praise be awarded to him who,  
amid all the —— of the ——, never wavered, but stood firm!  
May —— —— ! —— ——  
—— of —— ; and —— ——  
—— —— !!!

"Now isn't that a hopeless lot of trumpery?" asked my friend, piteously; "I can't seem to fill 'em out with anything at all."

"Can't you make a speech out of your own difficulties here?" I suggested; "why not ——"

"Hooray!" shouted Jack; "I've got it! Gimme those papers!" and before I knew it he had seized his MSS. and would have torn them to bits, had I not rescued them. He wheeled around in his chair and fell to scribbling furiously. He took no further notice of me; his eye-shade assumed an animated and joyous expression; the war-lock waved more defiantly than ever. I looked over his shoulder as I rose to go, and saw the title; it was: "The False Oratory of the Age."

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### "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

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The last third of a century has been an era of peculiar richness of literary production. This is a fact which is prominent to Americans especially, for in that time have been made nearly all of our really valuable additions to English literature.

A third of a century ago we held no recognized position in the world of letters; Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow have made American literature classic on both sides of the water.

But of England, also, it is true, that no era since the Elizabethan has been so fruitful as the later Victorian, to which, not to speak of others, have belonged the Brownings, Tennyson and Bulwer-Lytton, Walter Savage Landor and Marian Evans.

It is remarkable that all these, English and American, are of nearly equal ages; and, as the golden glory of the setting sun gathers about their heads, thinking men begin to ask, Who will take their places? For the world's work must go on; there must be leaders and thinkers.

Just as we were beginning to despair, to fear that the next must be a barren age for letters, a new poet "takes the critical outposts by storm, and with a single effort gains a laurel crown," which rivals in beauty the chaplets of the retiring heroes.

This man, Swinburne, resembles neither Browning nor Tennyson; he belongs to no one of the schools of English poetry. In fact, just here is one of the prime elements of his power. Swinburne has shown his strength and proved his right to lead by hewing out a new highway through the wilderness. "The man has come who is to do what Browning failed to do in a less propitious time, and make a successful diversion from the idyllic lead of Tennyson." And truly, in much that makes the master-poet—in fertility of resource, splendor of imagery, passionate depth of sentiment, and, above all, in his "miraculous gift of rhythm," Swinburne towers head and shoulders above Tennyson.

In the latter particular, power and perfection of rhythm, nothing in modern times, except the bewildering splendors of the lyric songs and choruses of Shelley's Prometheus, has even approached to the "Atalanta."

This poem, "Atalanta in Calydon," which first won recognition for Swinburne's poetic genius, and placed its author in the van of English poets, is a classical tragedy, "upon the severest Greek model, that of Æschylus or Sophocles, and reads like an inspired translation." The drama is large in conception, and "the imagination clear, elevated, of an even tone throughout;" but the grandeur and impressiveness, the bewildering exuberance of language is the marvelous thing. Shelley showed English verse to have a scope unthought of before; but in Swinburne's hands it is "like the violin of Paganini."



What more enchanting English was ever written than the first chorus?—

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,  
The mother of months in meadow or plain  
Fills the shadows and windy places  
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;  
And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,  
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Not even Shelley has produced anything with so much liquid sweetness.

And yet 'tis ill to compare, at the expense of either of them, these two masters of melody. We take up Shelley, and, finding such marvelous stanzas as the one following, exclaim, We cannot decide between them; both are perfect! Shelley sings,

My soul is an enchanted boat,  
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;  
And thine doth like an angel sit  
Beside the helm conducting it,  
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.  
It seems to float ever, for ever,  
Upon that many-winding river,  
Between mountains, woods, abysses,  
A paradise of wildernesses!

Moreover, it must be remembered that Swinburne "has—what the other did not have—a Shelley as predecessor."

If, in any respect, Swinburne is inferior to Shelley in point of artistic skill, it is that the former weakens his effect "by cloying us with too excessive richness of epithet and sound: and in later works, by too elaborate expression and redundancy of treatment. Still, even when the thought is one which he has repeated again and again, he always gives us unapproachable melody and grace."

On the other hand, Shelley's verse sometimes becomes so dense and heavy with meaning as to be rugged.

The tongueless caverns of the craggy hills  
Cried, "misery!" then; the hollow heaven replied,  
"Misery!" And the ocean's purple waves,  
Climbing the land, howled to the lashing wind,  
And the pale nations heard it, "Misery!"

And again, where Ione cries,

O, sister, look! White fire  
Has cloven to the roots yon huge snow-loaded cedar;  
How fearfully God's thunder howls behind!

"Atalanta" is the best reproduction of the classical that has yet been accomplished; and this truth suggests a fact which must be fully recognized if we would comprehend the poem, viz., that "Atalanta" is simply and wholly a work of art, having only artistic ends in view. It is neither a sermon, as many of Tennyson's poems are, nor an attack upon any faith, as was Byron's "Cain." Swinburne's artistic instinct is too strong to allow him to become a mere moralizer. The prudery of those guardians of the public morals who would demand "sermons in sonnets and morality in music," who assume that whatever is not proper food for a youthful feminine mind must be immoral, is fast enervating art. For, as Swinburne says, "the office of adult art is neither puerile nor feminine, but virile; its purity is not that of the cloister or the harem; all things are good in its sight out of which good work may be produced."

It has happened, strangely enough, that the mass of readers have supposed Swinburne to be a very monster of immorality; yet all his great works, "Bothwell," "Chastelard," "Atalanta," are as chaste as the best of Shakespeare or Milton. "Poems and Ballads" contains much that is certainly open to objection; but this was a "juvenile book," the work of his earlier and immature days. In its present form it appeared after "Atalanta,"

but the poems were written before the latter book, and were given to the public without due thought. And yet even these famous "Poems and Ballads" contain but little to which any objections can be urged. They, as the "Atalanta" and "Bothwell," were written for artistic purposes, and were, the author declares, never intended as "milk for babes."

The chief defect in the "Atalanta" is one which is both artistic and moral, viz., the maintaining, as the pervading thought, "the impossibility of resisting the inexorable high gods," whom he names "the supreme evil," crying out,

"Yea, with thine hate, O God, thou hast covered us,  
Thou hast made sweet springs for all the pleasant streams,  
In the end thou hast made them bitter with the sea."

Then, at the end, the concluding chorus,

"Who shall contend with his lords,  
Or cross them, or do them wrong?  
Who shall bind them as with cords?  
Who shall tame them as with song?  
Who shall smite them as with swords?  
For the hands of their kingdom are strong."

Here is an artistic blemish, for the drama is a reproduction of the classic Greek, but, as Stedman well says, "the hopeless fatalism of the tragedy was not the sentiment of the joyous and reverential Greeks." Here is also a moral blemish, the sentiment being "the outcome of a haughty and untamed intellect chafing against a law which it cannot resist." In this instance Swinburne has allowed his personality to intrude upon his art.

The "Atalanta" is cumulative, steadily increasing in power to the end. The opening invocation of the Chief Huntsman seizes the attention with an imperious grasp; the first chorus, already quoted,

"When the hounds of spring are on winter traces,"

B

"resolves attention to enchantment;" but as we read on to the other choruses:

"Before the beginning of years  
There came to the making of man  
Time with a gift of tears;"

with such lines as,

"Remembrance fallen from heaven,  
And madness risen from hell;  
Strength without hands to smite;"

the chorus beginning,

"We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair; thou art goodly, O Love;"

and the one,

"Who hath given man speech?"

rising one above another to the highest reach of lyric genius, we feel that in very truth we have found the master poet. Undoubtedly, an abiding fame can rarely be built upon any single work, however perfect; but the "Atalanta," with all its richness and grace, is one of Swinburne's earlier writings, and shrinks and dwindles when compared with the "mighty lines" of the "Bothwell," his maturer work. Yet, of its kind, "Atalanta" is the noblest drama of the age, over-topping Tennyson, and standing shoulder to shoulder with the best work of Shelley and Browning.

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**BERDRAND.**

The day had been hot, and all through its burning hours Berdrand had toiled in the field of maize waving its green pennants on the hillside beyond the cottage. Now he was sitting

under the great oak tree which shaded the yard and cottage, with little lispig Claudis at his feet playing in the grass, and gazing where the long bars of rosy clouds were burning and palpitating with the rays of the declining sun.

The cottage door opened, and the wife, fair, sunny-eyed Jeanne, came out. "Ah, Jean, my lass, art thou there? I thought thou wert down at the village." "Nay, I hastened home. The cow was to be milked, and water brought from the spring under the rocks yonder. Besides——" continued she in a hesitating tone. "Besides what, my lass?"

"There is terrible news at the village. A horseman has ridden down the valley crying that the Germans are marching on to Metz. The village lies in their path."

Bertrand's eyes grew troubled, and a shadow fell upon his sun-browned face. He drew little Claudis to his knees, and caressing with his great hands one of the baby's flaxen curls, sat looking away into the west, where the gold was settling into tender gray on the distant hills.

"What art thou thinking of, Bertrand?" asked Jeanne, looking into his eyes. He glanced down upon the curly head at his knees with a quick sigh that was half a sob. His eyes went softly over the wife and the little cottage, and then down to the village below.

"God is good; He will care for us," said Jeanne. "Do what is thy duty, Bertrand."

He went within the cottage, and came out carrying his musket and powder-horn. "Thou and the child will be safe up here, lass. They will not find our home in this nook. I must help our friends hold the village."

He pressed the wife and golden-haired Claudis to his bosom, and turned and went across the road and down the mountain path.

Jeanne looked after him until the trees hid him, and then carried Claudis into the cottage, for it was growing dark. The little eyelids were drooping, so she laid the child in his crib, and went to sit on the low step outside the door, from which she could see the lights beginning to twinkle in the village.

Past nine o'clock Berdrand came back, saying that the enemy were camped miles down the valley, and the village was safe for the night.

An hour later there came the quick tramping of many horses in the road without. Berdrand drew the door open, and stood facing the horsemen thronging his yard. He held the loaded musket in his hand, and the gun leaped to his shoulder almost of its own accord; but the mountain dew had wet the priming; the cap only exploded. Berdrand was seized in a dozen strong hands and dragged before the captain. "You are a bold man to attempt to fire upon so many," said the German. "I will give you a chance for life. There is a mountain path to the village yonder?"

"There is."

"You know it well?"

He knew its every stone and bush and patch of flowers!

"Have your hands bound behind you, and without a whisper of noise lead us down that path to the village, and your life shall be spared."

"And if I will not?"

"You die."

Berdrand spoke not; but by the light of the candle within he could see the golden head of his sleeping boy, and Jeanne straining her eyes to where he stood in the gloom.

"Come, speak," cried the German impatiently.

"I can die; I cannot betray my friends."

The horseman looked at him a moment. "Do you mean that?" he asked.

Berdrand's blue eyes grew misty as he turned his head and looked again to the figures in the little room. He did not speak.

The German nodded to his men; there was a gleam of steel, a low moan, and a bleeding corpse lay upon the ground.

Jeanne snatched a dagger from the belt of one of the troopers, and sprang like a tiger at the throat of the soldier who had struck the blow. He received her on the point of his yet bloody sword.

Just then shots were heard from the village; a wild outcry, and flames began to leap up here and there.

"Oho! Jacques has been more fortunate than we," exclaimed the leader. "Give him an answer."

A lighted torch was thrown upon the low roof, and soon the cottage was flaming in response to the blazing village. Little Claudis waked and lay laughing and crowing at the ruddy light. The troopers flung the two bodies in at the door, and dashed away to join their comrades. The blazing rafters and timbers soon fell.

When the sun looked down through the morning mists there was only a heap of ashes in the little dell; and in the valley below were larger charred and blackened piles, where in the golden glow of evening the village had stood.

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### WALT WHITMAN.

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Our literature has been neither national nor universal, but English. There has been no tariff imposed upon English culture and leisure, and our home protection has not been able to compete with it. This has been a matter of deep regret to some. They can see nothing we so much need as a national literature. They long for some American to give voice to the literary spirit of his own epoch and his own country.

At last a man comes forward and declares himself the bard of democracy:

"America isolated I sing;  
I say that works made here in the spirit of other lands are so much poison  
in these states."

He looks upon America as a great athletic body, with well developed brain, but without a soul. He considers it the function of the genuine American bard to breathe into this body the

breath of life. Most critics have taken him at his word, and for the want of any other place have assigned him a seat in the centre of his own theory. The great English critic, Edward Dowden, accepts him as the representative of American literature. This is partly because he differs from anything ever produced elsewhere, but chiefly, as is claimed, because all his peculiarities of style and thought may be explained by referring them to intense democracy.

And yet this fact does not make Whitman the poet of our democracy. He is rather the consistent expositor of the *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, of the French Revolution, or of the proposition, "All men (and things) are created equal." Such theories do very well as socialistic war-cries, or communistic demands for a so-called declaration of independence. But viewed as to their logical results, no people on earth has ever put such principles into practice. Walt Whitman's poetry is the outgrowth of this ideal visionary equality, and not of American principles and institutions.

He has brooded over this idea until it permeates his style and thought. There is with him no aristocratic selection, either of words or facts. He seldom mentions one of a class or group without mentioning all, or at least carrying the enumeration far enough to effect variety and *satisfactory completeness*. His words, like his women, must be only athletic. He is not particular about their character and associations.

In thought, his democratic tendencies appear, if possible, in a still stronger light. The very name of his most important work, "Leaves of Grass," indicates his theory of all things. His omnivorous lines include in a single enumeration every possible variety of fact and feeling. When he himself chances in any of the numerous processions that march through his books, you may then expect to see all types of manhood, from the highest to the lowest, following with him. In such a fraternity, where virtuous and vicious meet together on equal terms, he inaugurates the institution of comradeship. Then he declares—

"I celebrate myself."



This is a logical result. For in celebrating himself, he is celebrating all his equals. He becomes the centre of all things, and the measure of all things :

"I am an acme of things accomplished, and I an encloser of things to be."

Even when personifying objects in nature, he never once forgets his democracy. He banters them in the familiar terms of a comrade.

"Flame of the sunshine, I need not your bask,—lie over!  
You light surfaces only—I force surfaces and depths also.  
Earth! you seem to look for something at my hands;  
Say, old Top-Knot! what do you want?"

This is not presumption to him. And we easily pardon it when, in the very next verse, he summons to his side the whole race of outcasts. He is on easy terms with all things. He owns no superior.

"Nothing, not God, is greater to one than oneself is."

This does not exclude all worship.

"No man has ever yet been half devout enough;  
None has ever yet adored or worshipped half enough;  
None has begun to think how divine he himself is, and how certain the future is."

It makes him uneasy to see people curious about an alleged superior. When he thinks of it, he would fain turn and live with the brutes. For—

"They do not sweat and whine about their condition;  
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;  
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God."

Whitman draws the materials for his poems from all the

states, from all trades and professions. America, in his mind, conforms to his ideal, and he loves and celebrates his ideal. He mingles among the "powerful uneducated;" he is "enamored of growing out-doors;" he dreads writing within walls, or among his books, lest they should infect him with the spirit of other times and places. He tries all means to fasten his poems to the earth. He makes them materialistic; he makes them sensual; he makes them local; he loads them with all sorts of ballast to keep them at home.

These suspicions naturally suggest themselves to the reader of Walt Whitman. They explain him only in part. He is not to be comprehended in a formula; he represents nothing. His important function is to afford stimulus and energy to independent thought. He is a man after his own heart.

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#### **"MISS WILLIAMSON'S DIVAGATIONS."**

It seems to be the opinion of certain critics that the novelist attains the true end of fiction just in proportion as he deals with dignified subjects, or aims to impart an exalted character to his work by giving prominence to his views on Religion or Philosophy. They consider Scott great because they admire the style of life he depicts. They commend Thackeray for his morality, and George Eliot for her philosophy. Dickens, however, hardly attains to their ideal, because his characters and scenes so frequently suggest the coarseness of the street rather than the blaze and glitter of the palace. The view is not altogether correct. Landseer's pictures are not less deserving of praise because only animal life is exhibited by them. As much real art may be displayed in throwing upon canvas the representation of an Italian beggar-girl as of a Venus or Madonna. In fiction, as well as in painting, art appears principally in the manner of delineation, by

which even commonplace subjects may be dignified and made attractive.

Viewed by that principle of criticism which praises only the ponderous and massive, Miss Thackeray's latest work would not appear to possess any decided merit. None of the six brief sketches that compose "*Miss Williamson's Divagations*" have any well-constructed plot, nor is there any great aim or purpose manifest in them. They contain no striking characters, and never aim at striking effects. And yet, somehow, these little stories are admirably told. There is an exquisite grace and charm about them that exhibit all along an intense love and appreciation for the beautiful in the natural and artistic world. There is poetry in them—the poetry of the field, forest and mountain side—the poetry of a kind that always enters into fiction at its best. The author excels in word-painting. One seems almost to breathe the atmosphere of the Alps, or be surrounded by the glories of an Italian landscape, as he views the rich coloring, the lights and shadows, of her exquisite sketching. The following selection from "*Fina's Aunt*" illustrates this picturing power: "Another day was even more beautiful, when the whole world of the gardens suddenly flashed into glittering, diamond-like hoar-frost, every blade and twig, every dead leaf, every iron railing touched by this magic." Every page sparkles with these elegant descriptions. They reflect a vivid imagination, accompanied by a peculiar power of its nice employment; and in the novelist these are the master faculties.

Numerous epigrams, bon-mots and peculiar conceits appear throughout the book; and occasionally an expression is found which reveals a considerable insight into human nature. Sentences like the following occur: "It seemed like gathering figs off thorns, or grapes off thistles, to try and brighten up this gloomy woman." In one place is a genuine and happily-expressed criticism of Shakspeare: "Shakspeare, like Beethoven, works with a strange, intimate charm, indescribable but unmistakable. As the people listen, all that they see and hear becomes their own, becomes themselves. \* \* \* We never saw such sights

in nature, never gathered such dewy flowers, as Shakspeare did, nor heard the birds sing as they sung to him ; but, nevertheless, as he speaks to us we know and feel it all ; we are touched, and made into poets, strung to some greater mood than our customary humdrum."

The principal defect in the work seems to be too great a sameness in the characterization. Felicia, for instance, does not differ enough from Josephine. We can almost imagine them to be the same person. They have apparently the same dispositions, the same peculiarities, the same misfortunes. Besides, a vein of sentimentality is traceable now and then which seems slightly to remove several of the characters from the common-sense level of ordinary life. However, taken as a whole, "*Miss Williamson's Divagations*" is well adapted, if not to instruct, certainly to entertain ; and that should ever be the chief aim of fiction, after all.

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## VOICES.

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SOME URGE the keeping of a diary as a special token of good feeling towards posterity, which same posterity, it is fondly imagined, will be particularly delighted to read how we "got up, washed and went to bed." But there is reason and pleasure in the custom, although its benefits do not appear until time has made the stores in memory's treasure-house, like old coins, rare. True, the few short sentences hastily jotted down when the lamp burns low and the heavy eyelids are no longer self-supporting, seem exceedingly trite. But after the lapse of even a year they call up associations as pleasurable (almost) as was the anticipation of the joys which they commemorate.

The record of each day's doings is life's great ledger, and as the daily talent is spent, so does the final balance tell a profit in experience or a loss in opportunities unimproved. Experiences they are, such as none but a collegian can have. Very few are

the typical days. All present some revolution in our microcosm or characteristic oddities of its pantamorphic inhabitants.

And after work, vacation, with all its episodes—sea-shore and mountains, fishing, hunting, riding, swimming, but, more especially, she. How we rowed a boat-full against wind and tide for five miles, and at the end affirmed we felt perfectly fresh. So we did—perfectly fresh. How again, on the following day, we washed out a flat-bottomed scow in the river, with no cumbersome garments to molest. How the genial sun of mid-summer beamed. How we spent the next two days reading in our room, clad in a coat of vaseline and a pair of spectacles. That experience left a green spot in our memory, but a red one on our back.

But there are the shadows as well as the light. Clio sometimes sings in minor strains. Black-edged pages tell the sad story of the wasting pestilence,—the funeral pall, the friend departed, class affection merged into the nobler love of truest friendship. It is this latter—the sympathy that comes from reflecting on days full of sorrow—that makes the old diary something more than an almanac.

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THE CHARACTER of our "LIT." prize essays deserves comment. There is too much of a sameness about them. It is the general impression, and with good reason, that an essay with a practical subject, however well written, will find it hard work to take a "LIT." prize. The past seems to confirm this view. The February number for 1879 contains an essay entitled "The Principles and Prospects of the Liberal Party in England." Ten prizes have since been offered, and awarded in every case to essays of a decided literary stamp. This argues one of two things: either that for the last two years the only subjects treated have been of such a nature—which is almost incredible—or that the object in deciding such prizes has been not so much to give them to the best essays as to those best suited to the "LIT." True, any such idea would do much towards bringing

around this result, but it could hardly make it so universal. Such a purpose seems not only unjust but very injudicious. Purely literary essays contain far more of ornament than use, as a general rule, while a practical topic may easily combine the two in better proportion. It would, moreover, be refreshing to occasionally meet with something free from the usual literary air which pervades most of our wise productions. For the sake of variety and increased interest, at least, whether the fault lies with judges or contestants, do allow us occasionally to meet with a practical, common-sense prize essay.

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IT is proverbially in bad taste to find fault with gifts and question the usefulness of supposed favors, but he who can refrain from thinking a few thoughts on the present improved system of absences must be either more or less than human.

Twenty absences during a term seems wonderfully generous allowance to those who have never been to College, and consequently know nothing about it; but when all the added provisos are considered, even those benighted people must see their error. Just think of it. Twenty absences; but no more than three can be in one department. (I wonder if chapel is a department.) Each omitted recitation and *lecture* counts as zero. (Fancy flunking in a lecture.) Permission to leave town must still be obtained of the class officers; no further excuses will be granted except for death or marriage in your family, or sickness of yourself.

How large do the twenty absences seem now? You probably feel as though you were looking through a reversed telescope at the differential of an infinitesimal. (*Vide Math. Notes for Jun. year.*)

Try to remember what a calm and holy joy took possession of your heart when you used to slip out of town Saturday noon to be gone until Monday morning; then let your inmost soul gloat over the thought that those days are numbered among the things that were and are not. No more pleasant Sundays at home or

with friends, for the precious twenty must be saved to serve in times of need, such as unexpected recitations in Physics, etc. No more anything, in fact, that helps to break the monotony of this dreary life of polling.

But, a low voice whispers: "Think of the last condition—'except for death or marriage or sickness,'—is there no hope there?" Ah, there's the rub. It isn't every fellow that has a marriageable sister,—brothers are of not much account,—and if he has, just as likely as not no one wants to marry her. As for sickness,—well, one man that I know is reported to have an understanding with a physician in town about certificates of sickness, but the scheme does not work very well.

If these are the fruits of the "promised land" of reform, our hearts would indeed sigh for the "flesh-pots of Egypt," for the old days when things were different. It is too late now to make any change for this term, but may we not hope that another year will see another change in the absence system even more radical than this? If we cannot have more liberty than formerly, at least the lines should be drawn no tighter.

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AN ACUTE and prominent British critic, Prof. Dowden, of Dublin, starts and answers the question, "Why has the historical school of criticism not devoted a chapter to American literature?" The answer is, "Because there is no such thing as distinctively American literature." The New World, with its new scenes in nature, its new ideas, its new social habits, ought surely, Dowden thinks, to have given birth to entirely new and characteristic literary and artistic forms; and he mourns that instead it becomes necessary to account for the absence of a national literature.

To this critic, Longfellow is an European, and "Hiawatha might have been dreamed in Kensington by a London man of letters." Irving and Bryant are but exiled Britons, and Lowell "an English poet who has become a naturalized citizen of the United States."

Mr. Dowden fails to tell us what should be the peculiar char-

acteristics of this unattained literature, except that it was to have been one of "strange novelty." However, he goes on to say, "Irving might have walked arm in arm with Addison, and Addison would have run no risk of being decomposed by a trans-Atlantic twang in his companion's accent."

Through this compliment we begin to see light on the previous question. So, because our *litterateurs* have no "trans-Atlantic twang," they are not distinctively American.

But there is one little struggling "Poet of Democracy" discovered among the throngs of English literary men in America—Walt Whitman; and he is all our very own. How considerate in our British friends. But, perhaps a careful search will reveal some county in Wales which will prove to be the "home and native land" of even Whitman's undoubted "twang," now supposed to be trans-Atlantic, and our only representative will be ours no longer. "I pray you look quickly and see."

In plain words, although both nations are alike indebted to the classics, although the genius of the English mind and language limits both nations, in their best literature, to nearly the same range, yet the "measureless assumption" of Englishmen allows them to grasp for themselves whatever is really valuable, and leave to us what they do not consider of sufficient worth to claim.

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THE RECENT ARRANGEMENT of Junior honor courses, affording an opportunity for optional work in the several branches of Geology, is one that promises most pleasant and profitable results. Such an elective course has long been needed, and it now forms one of the most attractive features of the Junior year. That Dr. Scott's kind and patient efforts in carrying out this plan are fully appreciated, is shown by the large number who have decided to take up the subject. The prospect of next year's proposed geological expedition has undoubtedly something to do with the general interest; but many, we are sure, have joined the class purely for the pleasure the study affords. Almost all of our present knowledge of Geology has been gained since



the early part of this century, and there is yet much to be discovered in its various departments. To students, therefore, it offers a most tempting and extensive field for original research, and one on which many are eagerly desirous to enter. Dr Scott richly deserves our thanks for thus enabling us more thoroughly to investigate this new and interesting science.

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LOOKING OVER a few back numbers of the *LIT.*, we see an earnest plea for the abolition of printed notes. The writer's reasons for this position are, first, the largely-increased inattention resulting from the comforting assurance that it is all in the book, and further work is useless; and, second, the gain, both in manual and mental training, in the practice of taking notes. These serious objections have, however, failed to convince the collegiate mind, and even among hard students printed notes are very popular. But there is another evil connected with the system, growing out of a peculiar and—what many doubtless unjustly call—rather “small” device, on the part of some instructors, of changing their former order of lectures.

Now, if there is any benefit to be had from printed notes, it certainly is that men can use them as skeletons to be filled out more fully during the lecture, and thus gain a more accurate and satisfactory knowledge of the subject. But this advantage is oftentimes entirely lost by so inconvenient a habit. The real reasons for this dodging process are unknown. The one generally assumed is by no means complimentary. Since printed notes are allowed in the class-room, our professors give a tacit consent to their use. When there is no pressing need for a change, therefore, we naturally hope that for the sake of courteous accommodation, and to allow us to get as much good as possible from the course, the order that was considered good enough for former classes be followed with us. Notwithstanding the strongest evidence to the contrary, we can hardly believe that the only reason for the change is a morbid desire to confuse students and throw them off the track. Still, when parts of what

were once six different discourses are brought together with no better logical connection than they had in their original places, and professors are seen to wander all over their manuscripts in order to accomplish such a result, we cannot help drawing plain inferences. It is not only pleasant, but exceedingly convenient for future reference, to find that half a page you have just written in the vicinity of chapter third really belongs to the ninth, and that the notes you want side by side for comparison are indiscriminately mingled throughout the book. If the object is to compel note-taking, it utterly fails. Much better would it be to forbid printed matter in the lecture-room than to allow its use and then deprive us of the sole advantage to be gained from it.

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## EDITORIALS.

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IT IS UNNECESSARY to inform the College public that the LIT. has passed into the hands of a new board of editors. However unwilling they may be to acknowledge it, and however important and dignified a bearing they may assume in the presence of their College-mates, it is with many misgivings, and a feeling of heavy responsibility, that the editors from the Class of '82 enter upon their duties. The annual change which takes place in the management of the LIT. would be more than sufficient to cause the speedy decease of an ordinary magazine, and the LIT. can hope to escape such a fate only by adhering closely, from year to year, to the precedents which past experience has established. The present editors have no important changes to announce, and are happy to be able to state that the aim of the magazine, and the general method of conducting it, will be the same for the coming year as they have been during the few years past. The LIT., as has been so often explained, is the

special organ of the literary interests of the College. It is not the mission of the LIT. to represent that phase of academic life which finds its development upon the foot-ball field and the race-course. However lively an interest the editors may take, as individuals, in the athletic affairs of Princeton, they consider that it is not part of their editorial duties to publish full accounts of all events which take place within the sphere of athletics. How far it is incumbent upon the LIT. to answer every squib of the *Courant*, directed against our Alma Mater, or every spiteful remark which may be dictated by the revengeful feelings of our New York brethren, is, in the minds of the editors, a question. The LIT. is a training-school for the literary abilities of undergraduates. Its tone will be mainly determined by the prevailing literary tendencies of the College, while, at the same time, it will exert a very powerful reflex influence upon these tendencies. It will, therefore, be the endeavor of the present editors to maintain as high a literary standard as possible, avoiding, on the one hand, dullness, and, on the other, flippancy. Their success will depend upon the support which they receive from the College. The LIT. cannot be carried on without contributions; and, it may be added, that these will be acceptable, whether signed by undergraduates or by the United States Treasurer.

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IN ASSUMING THE REINS OF OFFICE each new board of LIT. editors has imposed upon it the necessity of explaining how far it is responsible for the excellence of the Magazine during the year. Oft repeated as this explanation has been, it seems never to have been fully grasped by the College mind.

On the title page may be found these words, "Conducted by the Senior Class." Whatever may be the meaning of this phrase, it certainly cannot be wrested to mean "Written by the Editors." You may say, "The LIT. is a private corporation run by eight men, who pay all expenses and receive all profits, if there are any." But the LIT. is more than this. It is recognized by others as the exponent of the literary ability of Princeton College.

With it stands or falls, to a great extent, old Nassau's reputation for literary culture with the outside world.

If this be the case, it is manifestly unsafe to trust to the unaided efforts of the Editors for the maintenance of the high standard of excellence required. Conducted by the Senior Class, and contributed to by all classes, the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE can become a periodical of which no College need be ashamed; if run on any other principle, it can only bring discredit on all concerned.

This consideration naturally leads us to examine past LITS. to see how far the College has performed this duty. The result is not entirely satisfactory. A comparison of the volumes of the last two years brings to light several interesting facts. Although '81's LIT. contained seven more articles in the two departments of Essays and Voices than '80's did, yet the contributions from men outside the Board were two less in the former case. This, at first sight, seems to indicate that less interest was taken by the College in general, but a second glance shows where the blame lies; had the Senior Class responded properly, there would have been no difficulty.

Some excuse may be found for Seniors on the ground that a contribution on their part is, in a sense, a disinterested act of kindness to the editors, for nothing can be gained by it but the good will of their classmates. Yet there certainly should be found in each class some men willing to take a little extra trouble for the sake of keeping up the tone of the College literary magazine.

Another fact learned from the comparison is more encouraging. The system of making election to editorship depend upon work already done, appears to be working very successfully. The contributions from the lower classes are more numerous than usual, and indicate a lively competition for next year's editorships. Numerous contributions, a close competition, and a good board of editors for the ensuing year, form a necessary logical sequence. Therefore write.

In conclusion, just a word additional to what has already been

said so many times about the character of articles. The tendency to make essays long, verbose and ponderous, should be sternly repressed. A lively, readable sketch of three pages is more valuable for our purpose than a most erudite and profound essay of six pages. Furthermore, a well-written story, humorous or otherwise, will receive as much credit as a more solid article; but it must be remembered that dreams and hermits are under the ban.

Let Voices be brief and pithy. Their chief excellence is to come to the point immediately without introduction, and to stop when the point is stated. Stray thoughts or fancies suggested by anything that may occur, facts of general interest dressed in neat and appropriate language, mild complaints—all may find place here. In a word, anything of real literary merit is acceptable; but do not be beguiled by this into sending learned dissertations on "The Book-worm anthropologically considered," as the average student is not yet prepared to appreciate the value of such discussions.

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HOW SHALL WE IMPROVE the character of the prize essays? The importance of this question is manifest to all—to none more than to LIT. editors. It is useless to state that \$100 are not given away annually for the purpose of affording pocket-money to five men. Were no other result accomplished, we should certainly cease drawing on the Treasurer so frequently for that purpose, as the LIT. lays no claim to being considered philanthropic.

Some, indeed, recommend this as the course most likely to insure better competitions. They say, with some plausibility, that the frequency of the prize detracts from its value. However, after careful consideration, we have resolved to continue the prizes as usual, but wish to have one point clearly understood. No essay will receive a prize unless deemed worthy of it. That an essay is the best one in competition will not be sufficient; it must also be fully up to our standard. We sincerely hope we shall be able to award all the prizes.

NEVER DO WE RETURN to the "classic shades" so willingly as at the commencement of the Spring term. In September we find it hard to leave those attractions which have made the long vacation pass so pleasantly. The minds of some of us are still filled with memories of moonlight walks, of morning rambles through the woods, of rides at sunset, and of all those amusements which are so destructive to peace of mind in the male sex. Others of us find sufficient cause for complaint in the fact that September in central New Jersey is almost as hot as August in other parts of the country. Again, when the Christmas holidays are over, and the Winter term begins, it requires the firmest resolution to return to our duties. We look forward to a long term, without break or enlivenment, to dark, dreary, Winter days, and to hard work, which, whether it is done or left undone, is always a bug-bear. But when April comes around, all this is changed. Mark the faces of the men as they return after the Spring vacation. Every one feels happy, every one has something in anticipation. The term is short, the work is light, the days are long and pleasant, Commencement, with all its attractions, is in the near future, and why shouldn't we be happy? It was with somewhat different feelings that we returned to College a year ago. Sad news met us here, and there seemed to be a foreboding of worse tidings to follow. The gloom which hung over Princeton at that time will not soon be forgotten by those who experienced it. Now that the anniversary of that time has come, we are often inclined to revert to it in our thoughts and conversation. This is most unwise, and may, in the case of some, lead to the worst consequences. The general health of the College was never better than at present. Every precaution has been taken against a repetition of the events of last year. Then let us not anticipate imaginary difficulties, for there is no surer way of rendering them real. If you have a headache, don't insist that the doctor shall treat you for typhoid fever. If you hear that a friend is suffering in the same way, don't consider yourself justified in spreading the report that malaria has again broken out among us. In a word, use your common sense both

in reference to your own complaints and to the reports which you hear. If this rule be followed throughout College, there is no reason to fear a recurrence of our trouble.

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THE RAPIDITY and ease with which new sports spring up in our midst is something astonishing. After several fruitless attempts in the past, cricket has finally gained a footing—at least, an association has been formed. Lacrosse, too, has taken us all by surprise. If we may judge by the number of bats seen on the campus on the day of introduction of the latter game, it has come to stay.

A word to those apparently so interested in these newcomers may be seasonable. It is well enough for the great mass of fellows, who do not excel at either base-ball or foot-ball to find other amusements for themselves. Is there not some danger, however, if we attempt as a College to excel in all, of succeeding in none?

As long as Princeton confined herself to foot-ball, she remained the undisputed champion on that field. The addition of base-ball did little to alter this, inasmuch as different seasons are devoted to the two sports. These latest arrivals, unfortunately, conflict with both the older games, especially foot-ball. To be sure our object in playing these games is primarily our own entertainment, and only secondarily to show our athletic superiority over other Colleges, but the secondary object should not be entirely forgotten.

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IN SOME of the recent publications of the New York *Herald*, the opinion has been expressed that Princeton possesses many of the qualifications requisite for becoming the centre of intellectual culture in America. We hope that the event may justify this opinion. The situation of Princeton is good, and her success in the struggle for existence, which must in time take place between

the numerous Colleges and Universities of the country, will depend largely upon the use which she herself shall make of the resources at her command. Whether the course which she is at present following is the one best calculated to insure success, is a fair and important question. It is true that every year our College buildings become more numerous and more imposing. But the finest buildings ever erected cannot make a great University. An increase of talented instructors is far more necessary than an increase of lecture-rooms and dormitories. Our curriculum certainly needs to be enlarged. In the scientific department most encouraging changes and additions are being made. May we look for similar additions in the other departments of the College? Anglo-Saxon has lately taken its place among the Junior electives. Why not Sanscrit also, which is the basis of much of our philological study? Why does our mathematical course include no higher branches than the calculus? It is almost humiliating to consider that our Greek course includes but a single play of each of the three tragedians, and but a single comedy. It may be said that there is no demand for a more advanced standard of scholarship. This means simply that our countrymen, finding no opportunities for advanced study in America, complete their studies in the European Universities, where such opportunities are afforded. That American University which shall first adapt itself to meet the wants of these students who now cross the ocean, is the one which is destined to become the "Oxford of America." It is possible for Princeton to reach this eminence; but would not the money spent upon our buildings be a more important aid if applied to other purposes?



## OLLA-PODRIDA.

## DOINGS OF THE MONTH.

APRIL 13TH—End of Second Term.....Glee Club concert at Dayton, O. Reception given club by Mrs. Gorman and Mrs. Bickham.

APRIL 14TH—Glee Club concert in Cincinnati; reception by members of Alumni Association.....Base-ball: University vs. Jaspers. Score, 9 to 1.

APRIL 15TH—Glee Club concert at Lexington, Ky.

APRIL 16TH—Base-ball: University vs. Metropolitans. Score, 14 to 15.

APRIL 18TH—Glee Club concert in Louisville; receptions given club by Mr. Victor Newcomb, Mr. Danforth, Mrs. J. G. Barrett and Mrs. Parkhill .....Return game with Metropolitans. Score—University, 9; Metropolitans, 7.

APRIL 19TH—Glee Club concert at Evansville, Ind.; reception by Mrs. Chas. Denby.

APRIL 20TH—Third Term begins.

APRIL 21ST—Glee Club concert at St Louis: reception by Alumni Association.....Base-ball: University vs. Nationals. Score, 1 to 2.

APRIL 22D—Base-ball: University vs. Nationals. Score, 0 to 7.

APRIL 23D—Glee Club concert at Pittsburgh; reception at residence of Mr. Clarke, Oakland.

APRIL 25TH—Glee Club concert at Baltimore; reception given at residence of Mrs. Rieman.....Base-ball: University vs. New York. Score, 2 to 21..... Dr. McCosh appears in chapel for first time after his illness.

APRIL 26TH—Seminary commencement.

APRIL 27TH—Lloyd, '82, visits College with a tile.

APRIL 28TH—Base-ball: University vs. Providence. Score, 3 to 12.

APRIL 29TH—Clio Hall Freshman speaking. First prize, L. Dennis, N. J.; second prize, J. E. Burt, Pa.; honorable mention, W. M. Langdon, N. Y.

MAY 2D—Grand final concert of Choral Union, aided by Glee and Instrumental Clubs, and also foreign talent. Speech on behalf of Choral Union by Libbey, '77.

MAY 3D—Base-ball: University vs. Metropolitans. Score, 1 to 9.....Whig

Hall second competitive debate. First prize, Thos. Peebles, Pa.; mentions, J. G. Hibben, Ill., and J. Chetwood, Jr., Cal.

'77, POTTER, and '80, Hamill, teachers at Lawrenceville, spent April vacation inspecting New England prep. schools.

'77, LYNDE, married in Princeton, April 6th.

'79, STEWARD, denies to Felt that he is engaged. Desires to meet the man who will perpetuate the slander.

'79, "TEDDY" FURMAN, speculating on Wall street.

'79, FARR, business; firm, "Farr & Watson."

'79, CALVIN WHITING, polling law at Columbia.

'79, W. B. ISHAM, at Rome.

'79, JEPH FELT, Stormlake, Iowa. Agriculturally inclined.

'79, "REV." C. MARTIN, gone to Dakota as a home missionary.

'79, BILLIE WILDER, in town Sat. and Sun., April 30th and May 1st.

'80, C. A. R. JANVIER, going to Germany to poll during summer.

'80, TEWKSBURY, going out on the plains. Confinement in bank too much for him.

'80, GIBSON, DUNCAN, AND '79, SNOOK, studying medicine at Col. P. and S., N. Y.

'81, BARRETT, reported by a Louisville paper as "a Sophomore in Princeton." Verily a prophet, &c.

'82, FINE, teaching school in Mass.

"THE statute of Farragut is to be unveiled in Washington soon.—*Western Paper*.

GEOLOGY ELECTIVE.—Prof. S.—"For vertebrate animals we have Mr. S. Mr. R. and a few others." Nothing personal.

ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE MEN have started in Prof. Scott's Geology elective.

THE ALUMNI, faculty and students of Dartmouth are in arms, demanding the resignation of Pres. Bartlett.

H—KS THINKS he looks finely in a mortar-board. Any one else agreeing with him will please send around his card.

G. B. H. ATTEMPTS TO SIT on the President. Freshmen "come down."

NO USE TO OPPOSE mortar-boards longer: the faculty are going over to the under-classmen.

THIS *apropos* of the roller-skating mania :

"Put some sponges in her bustle,  
She is going out to skate ;  
She will need their yielding softness  
When she tries the 'figure eight.'"—*Niagara Index*.

PROF. B.'S NEW METHOD of preventing applause in class : "Gentlemen, please do not raise a dust."

DOC. WARFIELD wants to know whether Schenectady College is in Concord, *Connecticut*.

HOW MANY HEARTS were broken, or rather cracked, on that Glee Club tour ?

A JUNIOR has been promised a summer at Saratoga, provided he succeeds in getting on the honor roll.

THERE IS MUCH justifiable complaint that the base-ball games never begin on time. Let us have a reform.

SINCE WE HAVE COME TO COLLEGE we have realized how true is that observation of a character in *Plautus* : "Verecundari neminem apud mensam decet."

"THE GENERAL" speaks of "fish, milk and other such *vegetables*."

PROF. R.—"This function is never variable; that is to say, it is *very seldom* variable." (Applause.)

DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS has declined the call to Harvard.

N. B.—A SPECIAL PRIZE (amount unsettled,) will be given for the best translation of the Greek motto adorning the front cover of the *LIT*.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXAM.—"Who is President of the United States?" Silence. "Who is the present Governor of the State of Maine?" More silence. "Who was the last?" Despairing director.—"Who won the last walking-match?" Chorus of embryo presidents—"R-o-w-e-l-l?"—*Ex*.

"ISTE" thinks of entering journalism. Begun already. Keep an eye on the New York papers.

SCENE—Borgy playing ball; ball rolls among *débris* near Clio. Borgy thinks it rolled among the *embryo*.

ACCORDING TO THE New York *World*, we have the following men on our nine: Soney, Rapperley, McCane.

A DENTIST moved out and a barber moved in. The new occupant did not remove the sign, "Gas administered here." Frequenters of "The Classical" can appreciate.

THEY'RE STILL on the hunt for oleomargarine; Tailow-ho, Three dollar clubbers, join in.

A WESTERN PAPER has this argument for the health-giving properties of College gymnasiums: "None of our forefathers practiced gymnastics, and behold the result; every one of them is dead."

BOUND VOLUMES of '81's LIT. can be obtained on application to any of the former editors. Price, \$2.50. All orders should be handed in at once.

AN IRISHMAN having heard that a certain astronomer had discovered an asteroid, remarked: "Bedad, he may have his asteroid, but for myself, oi prefer a horse ter roid.—*Yale News*.

ORD HALL has lost its head.

SIT ON YOUR OWN Hall steps.

"PIOUS LINEAGE" cut four days of third term. What are we coming to?

B—, INVESTIGATING new chapel, addresses foreman: "How much do you think will be finished by Commencement?" Foreman—"Commencement of what?" B— subsides.

NEW BICYCLES coming in.

A JUNIOR was lately taken for a hackman in a neighboring city. Had he worn a mortar-board the mistake would never have happened.

DURING THE VACATION Yale was beaten by the Metropolitans, 15 to 7. Brown was also obliterated twice by Providence; scores, 19 to 0; 20 to 1.

SCENE AT A CO-ED. SCHOOL.—He was a new student, and evidently not settled for the term yet. He rang the bell; a young lady appeared, of whom he anxiously inquired: "Would you like to have a room-mate?" He told the boys afterward that he was excited, but did not see why the door should have been shut in his face.—*Transcript*.

SCENE, LATIN RECITATION.—Prof. S. "Did you find that word in the lexicon, Mr. Y?" Mr. Y. "No, sir." Prof. "How do you know the meaning, then?" Apollo is silent.

PROFESSOR GUYOT tells the Princeton College trustees that he has surveyed and measured more than one thousand mountains from Maine to Georgia. His vacations are always spent in the Appalachian range. Dr. McCosh enumerates eight articles and one book on educational and philosophical topics published by him during the last year. Dr. Atwater says he has published eight philosophical articles during the year, and other Princeton Professors name fifty-four books and papers prepared by them in the cause of science. From their own showing, the Princeton Professors evidently burn the midnight oil.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

A FRESHMAN says it don't pay to take the LIT.; can't appreciate its weighty contents. Will *Olla-Pod.* have to come down to actually light material?

## COLLEGE GOSSIP.

WE SUPPOSE it is in order for us to make our bow. We will do our best, though bowing is hardly in our line. Hence it shall be short—would that it might be sweet! But we are not a little out of humor at the place we have to content ourself with. Whoever heard of a gossip who was content with any other place than either first or last? But here we are. We have had to sit calmly by and see the Editors' little bow, and hear all that they have seen fit to say. But we did not mind that much. There is not enough originality about us for the first place. But then we did think the last bow might have been given us, for we do love the last word. No, the poor little Gossip had to take what he could get, while the big Exchange man closes the ball. So now, we are mad and sulky! There, we have been talking all this time and have not told a single tale on any of our neighbors. What an awful waste of time! We salute you, then, one and all, whosoever ye may be—friends, enemies, or neutrals, we salute you!

From all over the land, East and West, South and North, the College press sends up a shout of joy at the return of Spring. Many of our contemporaries have filled us with a deep feeling of awe and admiration, as they have sung the glories of Spring, how she comes tripping like a fair maiden over the fields, how the grass springs up under her feet, how—but you know how it is, and we want to spare you all we can. This sort of thing is pretty hard for even the nerves of the Gossip to stand. Then, again, there is another class, who look at this thing in a much more practical light. From them we hear expressions of pleasure at the approach of the season of out-door sports, and of the Spring athletic games. Athletics seem to be gaining ground very rapidly. There is scarcely a College that does not seem bent on doing something in this line the coming season. Yale and Columbia are especially eager in the work, and visions of many victories at Mott Haven are already dancing before their eyes. Dartmouth calls for a rally. Every one there seems to be engrossed with base-ball, to the injury of all other interests. The *Dartmouth* very sensibly urges the claims of athletic games, and no doubt it will not be long before they too have the fever.

Foot-ball is, of course, at a stand-still, and yet we have, here and there, a murmur of practice-kicking being done. The *Record* also urges that this be done at Yale. If the fall work were all that was necessary to enable Yale to defeat her adversaries, there would be no cause for complaint. "But," adds the *Record*, "when we remember that we have failed in the last three annual contests to defeat our most formidable opponents, it would seem that we should put forth redoubled efforts for the season that is to come." The settlement of

the trouble as to the place where the Yale-Harvard boat-race should be rowed seems to meet with very general satisfaction at both Colleges. Yale thinks Harvard behaved in a "totally unwarrantable" manner from the beginning. Harvard has evidently found her position untenable, if not unwarrantable, and agreed to the New London course.

Harvard having set the fashion for a canvass of the religious opinions of the students, Yale is the first to ape it. We wish them joy of it, and hope they will keep it safe in their dear New England free from the contaminating influence of humble outsiders. No doubt there will be a goodly list of materialists in the returns, but we will warrant there will be no agnostics. A Yale agnostic! What an anomaly that would be. Whoever saw a Yale man that did not know it all? Somehow, things seem to be in a bad way at Yale. The *Record* speaks: "We are surprised to be compelled to announce that profanity and doubtful allusions are not permitted, and that other than complimentary or mildly expostulatory references to the Faculty are impolitic." What an announcement to contributors. And the *Courant* has to lament the lack of knowledge of parliamentary law, and of *savoir faire* which is displayed in their University meetings. We feel very, very sorry for them. Perhaps it might pay them to come down here and get a slip of one of our societies. If the soil be at all favorable at New Haven, we don't doubt but that they will know more parliamentary law in three weeks than Gladstone and Blaine together ever hear of. By the way, we have an annex down here that neither Hall seems to care to claim. No doubt, if the gentlemen from Connecticut would like to have it, it could be bought cheap.

The Greek Play and Dr. Brooks have been the chief topics of interest at Harvard lately. The æsthetic feelings of our friends have been much wrought upon. The trouble is this: If the music for the Greek Play be modern in its character, the eternal fitness of things would be ruthlessly destroyed. If it be after the manner of the ancient Greek, the barbarous noise would grate harshly on such educated ears as the Hub affords. Therefore, grasp which horn you will the æsthetic taste is in danger of being sadly outraged. And so the question is groaned rather than spoken, "What, O what, will the music be?" When the answer came that it is to be modern, a moan, no doubt, escaped each unhappy "æsthete." But they are quickly re-assured, "this is a purely Bostonian idea, and carried out at the Hub." "Ah! then it must be æsthetic and breathe forth the purest culture," rises the glad chorus. Harvard has sustained a great loss in her failure to get Dr. Brooks. Just think of the mad joy that would have filled fair Harvard if he had come, and all religious exercises had been made optional. It would have been nice all around. Dr. Brooks would never have found it necessary to be present himself, except when he desired to indulge in a little very private rehearsal.

The *Acta* speaks in glowing terms of the late Junior Reception. A reception at this time of the year is not a bad idea, and if more Colleges would join the band that already have them they would have little cause to regret it. The *Acta* is extremely mild this time. Can she be ill? Or is it only the

calm that precedes the storm? Certainly it is from no lack of material, for the city streets are in a condition to supply filth enough for even one of *Smintheus'* most brilliant effusions. We don't altogether believe the report that the *Acta* bribed the Legislature, so as to give him one more chance, but then, stranger things have been.

We used to think that we were much-abused mortals, but our eyes have been opened of late. For instance, down in the sunny South, at Washington and Lee, playing on the campus, during recitation hours, is strictly forbidden. How nice it must be to have to sit in your room, patiently awaiting the hour when the last little Freshman shall have done his task, that you may go for a game of tennis or ball. A charming thought, truly.

Brown is much excited over the anticipated pleasure of a fountain in their campus. Ah! You had better beware how you take a fountain unto your bosom. Come down and view the spot where our once-vaunted fountain lies peacefully beneath the sod—denied even a watery grave—and take warning.

The *Brunonian* has a very sensible editorial on the treatment of visiting nines. It urges that however great the excitement may be, applauding of errors and similar performances be strictly refrained from. That every College in the Association take this to heart is our earnest wish.

The Seminary of Our Lady of Angels has had a deluge of "trances" lately, to judge from the last *Index*. It opens its vials of wrath and pours them unstintingly upon the heads of the wretched youths who have used such awful things. The man who uses full notes is put in the same category. The whole thing is shown up so thoroughly, to the accompaniment of red fire and distant thunder, that we feel sure all who read it will make a holocaust forthwith, of all "trances," "jacks," "anthons," &c., in their possession. Ours went last night; many were the tears we shed, but we dared not keep them.

Our contemporaries of the C. C. N. Y. have been rejoicing at the approach of Commencement. They have been describing, in glowing colors, the coming exercises. Ah! little did they dream that, even as they prattled guilelessly, the dark fiends that control their destiny were plotting their ruin. But it was even so. The C. C. N. Y. is doomed to die.

We are very sad at the thought of parting with our new-made friends, the *Mercury*, *Free Press* and *Argus*, nevertheless, we bow to fate. Get all you can out of your Commencement, 'tis your last. "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow ye die."

## EXCHANGES.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them."—*Macbeth*, Act I., Scene III.

The stylograph lies ready filled upon our editorial desk, the shears are freshly ground and the glue pot simmers in calm content upon the office stove. On one side yawns the empty waste-basket, impatient for its prey; on the other, lie our E. C.'s, "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa." From all these signs it may possibly be conjectured that the LIT. has changed hands. Such is, indeed, the case. The *Editorials*, the *Voices*, the *Olla-Pod.* and the *Gossip* have doubtless already alluded to this interesting fact; it now remains to the 'Change man to make his editorial bow to the College press. The late Exchange Ruffian has laid aside the war paint; it now devolves upon us to put it on. But no, we are not going to do it. We are going to live in peace with all mankind. In former years it used to be the custom for the Ex. man to get himself into fighting trim by polishing off the *Index* or the *Targum*. You see the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels was so far off, and Rutgers so small, that it was a perfectly safe thing to do. All this shall be done away with; in short, adverse criticism of any kind shall be excluded from our columns. If we find anything we don't like, we shall pass it by. As one of our predecessors has remarked, "The College press can even hit our little brother, *The Princetonian*, and we will not say a word." This is about all we can promise at present. *Pax vobiscum*, "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours.

The *College Rambler*, from somewhere on the boundless prairies of the great West, comes first to hand.

It must be just perfectly splendid to go to school there. You can see for yourself what a nice place it is by examining the woodcut which adorns the *Rambler's* front page. The *Rambler* makes the startling announcement that Princeton has a paid choir. Quite wrong, my dear fellow; our choir sings for glory alone. They get all the money they want in giving concerts out West. Perhaps, though, you meant our scrub choir, or even the Choral Union. In that case you are excusable. By the way, if you would like to have a first-class musical organization, we might come to some arrangement. We will ship you our own Choral Union, (which has been gotten up at a large expense,) with leader, orchestra and Infant Phenomenon complete, for a very trifling consideration.

The make-up of the *Rambler* is in the main good, and it compares favorably with any of the Western papers that have as yet come to our notice. The



letters from correspondents, however, possess little or no interest for the general reader.

The C. C. N. Y. presents us with a new contribution to College journalism in the *Argus*. Strange how unfortunate the gentlemen of that institution have been in selecting names for their periodicals. Only a short time ago the *Mercury* was accused by the Racine College paper of that name of stealing its copyright, and now the *Argus* lays itself open to the same charge from the Wesleyan *Argus*. What's in a name, anyhow? The history of C. C. N. Y. journalism in the first two numbers of the *Argus* is extremely interesting, and the Notes are especially good. Call again.

The *Brunonian* impressed us very favorably. "The Old Oaken Ferule" is a very clever parody—so clever that we would willingly clip it entire, did not space, or rather custom, which allows the poor overworked editor only so much square cribbing per page, forbid. Here is one verse, anyhow:

"How earnest I ran, and how eager and quick too,  
To receive its affectionate pats as they fell;  
O the rapture they gave—O mirabile dictu!  
No words in the Unabridged Webster can tell.  
How silent I stood while the tears of elation  
Like lachrymal dumplings continually fell,  
And the matchless sensation, the wild titillation,  
That fell from the ferule that laid it on well!  
The dunce-loving ferule, the rogue-seeking ferule,  
The old oaken ferule that laid it on well."

The *Belatrasco* has departed, and the *Academica* reigns in its stead. Some of its patrons desired to name the new sheet *The McMicken*. Wouldn't that have been nice? *Mickey* for short, you know. "Why Do You Leave So Much Sugar at the Bottom of Your Coffee-Cup?" and a poem entitled "In the Library" are the principal literary articles. The last is most fearfully and wonderfully made.

Up at Lafayette the Freshmen have had their eyes examined in the interests of science. While there is nothing striking about the *Journal*, there are two things which commend it to us. There is not a line of poetry from beginning to end, and, above all, it refrains from printing that infamous old joke about the Mathematical Nature of a Kiss. We verily believe we have seen that bald-headed paragraph in fifty papers since our accession to the editorial chair. The typographical appearance and general make-up of the *Journal* are excellent, and do credit to the institution it represents.

Truly the fame of our B. B. Nine goeth forth to the uttermost parts of the earth. The other day *Harper's Weekly* presented us with their photographs, accompanied by a very neat notice of their trip during vacation. We were glad to see Mr. Loney, our second baseman, spoken of as the late captain of America's Champion Foot-Ball Team. The following from the Harvard *Echo* speaks for itself: "The Princetons, while in Washington, D. C., called in a body on President Garfield, April 21st, and were introduced by Judge

Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, whose two sons are students at Princeton University and members of its base-ball team."

The *Berkeleyan*, with its modest motto "Westward, the Course," &c., comes to us from the University of California. We noticed an ingenious device of the 'Change man to sling mud at the *Advocate*, and the *ci devant Belatrasco*. Amusing as the article is, we cannot but think it in rather questionable taste. We clip the following as a warning to some of our own number:

"1st Senior (who has finished his thesis) to second ditto (who hasn't)—  
'What's the difference between a good tailor and a Bible student?'

"2d Senior—"One minds the clothes and the other clothes the mind."  
(Faints away.)

"1st Senior (shrieking)—'One *seus* splendid *seams*, and the other *seems* so splendid!' (Dies.) Truly, the end of the wicked is terrible."

The *Niagara Index* we cannot, must not, pass by in cold and scornful silence. We have longed to meet the old *Index* from our earliest acquaintance with College periodicals. We rejoice to say that that wish has been abundantly, surpassingly, overwhelmingly gratified. We began its perusal in a well-satisfied and comfortable frame of mind. Idly we turned the leaves until our eye fell upon the "Pause for Reflection." That changed us. Listen, O ye young men that loaf the shining hours away pitching pennies in front of Reunion. Give ear to the prophet from the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, for behold these are solemn and instructive thoughts: "It has now reached that period of the student's year of labor at which he is wont to stop short, for a while, to gain a clear knowledge of his actual situation, to take in the lay of the ground over which he has, so far, traveled, and to speculate as to the nature of that which still lies between him and his journey's end. In truth, he becomes, at this time, really thoughtful—which does not often happen to the average College man—and in his thoughts allows realities to occupy a place. And it is well that, even once in the year, seekers after lore should examine how much lore they have gathered, and whether they have employed all the modern improvements which contribute so much to facilitate the search."

In the *Yale Lit.* we were especially pleased with the "Portfolio." For short, chatty articles on familiar topics it is without a rival. There is not an uninteresting article in it, and the only fault we could find was that there was not more of it. The *Lit.* has been stirring up quite a commotion among the New Haven editors by advising the consolidation of the two fortnightlies. Both the *Record* and the *Courant* seem strongly opposed to any such action. If it is true, as one of our exchanges has it, that the old *Record* board are busy making out checks for each other to the tune of two hundred each, we can easily see why the *Record* men desire to leave well enough alone.